

## Colours of an Idle Teen

by Merry Fortune

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## Colours of an Idle Teen

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**\*\*[AN: For some reason Halsey's \*\_\*\*Colors\*\*\_\* and Marina and the Diamonds' \*\_\*\*Teen Idle\*\*\_\* remind me of angsty KagaKuro...]\*\***

Kuroko stared at his reflection in the mirror. He was so... blue. It was unnatural. His hair, his eyes, and his demeanour: everything was blue. It wasn't that he didn't like it. It was just when you become unbearable to yourself; doesn't that mean you are unbearable to everyone?

Kuroko's mind wanders the more he assesses the face in the mirror: pale with almond shaped eyes. And, of course, blue. Kuroko tested a smile. He was going for something light hearted but innocent. It did not turn out that way. His lips stretched out awkwardly and Kuroko couldn't quite name why it was unappealing; it just struck him as odd and therefore ugly.

He sighed. He wished he could be more like anyone. He wished he could be noticeable. It was no wonder why people ignored him. He was gloomy and seemed to blend in with anything in the background. He was more than a wallflower, he was wallpaper.

Maybe if he was louder, taller, or brighter then maybe people would notice him. Maybe they wouldn't look down on him. Maybe they would treat him better. He had good friends but sometimes, he felt that the foundations were glass and he was plodding along all the cracks along the fragile surface and pointing out where it was imperfect. He

wasn't meaning too but he just felt so cumbersome.

What would it be like to be bright? Bright like red rather than being soft like blue.

Kagami was a positive example of what it was like to be bright like red. He was a harsh red that was earthy and level. He wasn't a harsh red like Akashi whose red was like blood and built upon unheard of majesty. Kagami was a good red.

A very good red that made Kuroko's heart pound.

Another sigh followed the first. Kuroko's heart became weighty yet he could feel it pump harder. He could feel himself becoming breathless. It was hard to think of Kagami when he was alone like this because it only stirred awkward truths he would much rather remain private to; even to himself " especially himself.

It was the only explanation. It didn't take much for Kuroko to fall in love. He had fallen in love many times over his sixteen years and each one failed " regardless of whether or not it had been acted upon. Kuroko could easily recall the moment when he realised that he was in love with Kagami Taiga.

"\_As the shadow of the main actor, I will make you the light, the number one in Japan\_.\*"\*\*\*

In hindsight, Kuroko couldn't help but cringe at what he had blurted out towards Kagami. If it were not for the fact that they had been strangers then, Kagami would most certainly know that Kuroko's feelings blossomed beyond friendship and comradeship.

The blue seemed to turn to red the more Kuroko thought about Kagami. It was like his reflection had disappeared and replaced by someone else: someone louder, taller, and brighter. The mirror beckoned and Kuroko closed his eyes. He was a cringe-worthy adolescent. He leaned in and bumped his nose on the mirror as he crossed forward over the vanity. He ignored how the sink poked into his torso. He strained his ears which was ridiculous as he was home alone. There was still an oppressive irrationality within him that jeered at him because of how absurd his behaviour is.

He puckered his lips. He pressed onwards. Embarrassment turned Kuroko's insides to mush but it wouldn't be much different with the real thing. He was on his tiptoes as he gripped the vanity. The cold metal of the mirror flowered unto Kuroko's lips as he tried to kiss it; as he tried to kiss his imaginary Kagami.

Hopeless romanticism made way for cynicism whilst Kuroko retracted himself. The depressing brevity of it all was the soul of Kuroko's experience with love and he was certain that Kagami, the actual Kagami, would be no different. His heart sank further into his chest with a hefty weight.

Kuroko met his reflection's eyes. It seemed to sneer at him yet there was no expression in either of them. There were only unrealised feelings and expectations. He swallowed. His lips tingled and he could taste glass on them.

'Oh God, I'm going to die alone...' Kuroko mumbled to his reflection

who echoed back in agreement. Everything was blue again but there was no mauve transition. Yet the blue seemed to pale and become sickly. It quickly became grey.

End  
file.